

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

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THE RAIL-SPLITTER. Mulligan.

© 1910, Emery School-Art Co., Boston.

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned
him saint. J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism,
unselfish nature, full of forgiveness for his
enemies. GENERAL GRANT.

Under the providence of God, he was,
next to Washington, the greatest instrument
for the preservation of the Union and the in-
tegrity of our country. PETER COOPER.

Kind, unpretending, patient, laborious,
brave, wise, great, and good, such was
Abraham Lincoln.

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

*His heart was as great as the world. There
was no room in it to hold the memory of a
wrong.* EMERSON.

For The Beacon.

Lincoln.

BY E. S. GOODHUE.

Why is Abraham Lincoln recognized as a
truly great man?

Why is his memory so universally honored
and revered?

Why is his homely face more beautiful
to us than that of almost any other man?

It would take time to answer each of these
questions adequately, but each of us may do
so for himself and learn, in the study of the
answer, more of the true worth of this man
who, like Jesus, came into the world to bring
men nearer to the Father; to strengthen the
brotherhood of man; who, like Jesus, was
sacrificed upon a bloody altar. They were
both lovers of men: they both came from
lowly origins, and both bore weights of care
and responsibility almost beyond bearing.
"With malice towards none," how like
Jesus that was! Gentle, loving, tender to
a fault, patient, charitable, unselfish, great
and wise to discern motives, understanding
the strange moods and intricacies of human
nature, avoiding the rule of law and using
the rule of Love to settle sad and puzzling
human matters. Surely we can learn a
lesson from this man.

His lack of pride of wealth and place, his
utter lack of bitterness, envy, backbiting,
his positive love for and kinship with his
fellow-men. Money, position, influence,
power, were to him means to be used,—tools
for which the user has no right to take credit
to himself. They never altered Lincoln's
personality: they cast no shadow upon his
great soul for one moment. Creeds were too
shallow and restricted for him; rules and
regulations in politics or war were less to
him than kindness and humanity; manners
in dress were too trivial to be made a matter
of attention. Every living person who came
before him clothed in manhood was a MAN,
and nothing more.

His discernment of human motives
and weaknesses supplied him with humor
as well as with tender sympathy. He could
not bear to hurt anything which could feel
a blow: even when the blow seemed deserved,
he sought some better punishment. So he
wrote his pardon for the boy who had gone
to sleep at his post, "I think this boy will
do us more good above ground than under."
How he was justified in this we know by the
record of history which states that the boy
died a hero, fighting for his country.

Lincoln only laughed when some bitter soul
attacked him personally by letter or in the

newspapers, though he felt the cut as keenly as any and more than most men in his position would. It was he who wrote to a friend, "A young man is not far from ruin when he can say without blushing, 'I don't care what others think of me.'" "Did Stanton call me a fool?" he asked. "Well, he is generally right. And what kind of a fool did he say I was?" How long do you suppose Johnson, or even Mr. Benjamin Harrison, would have allowed a member of his cabinet to call him a fool? The fact of the matter was, Lincoln was too great a man to be hurt by any such indignity. He felt and knew his own greatness as an inherent power, and he could afford to be the butt of jokes made by inferior persons, aimed, if not at his frailties, at his unconventionalities in dress and manners. He did not often use the reserve force he was capable of, but he knew how much he had; and, when he must, he could smite with one blow. He settled Seward's interference with, "*Mr. Seward is my clerk.*" That ended it. The Lincoln firmness asserted itself, as it usually does with kind, gentle men of long-suffering patience.

What a mixture of humor and sense in Lincoln's acceptance of a challenge to a duel sent him by some angry townsman! "The arms should be scythes," said Lincoln; then, in the presence of his challenger, he took his scythe and cut down a bunch of shrubs and bushes before him. They fell with one mighty swoop of his powerful arms. The would-be duelist disappeared, frightened by this display of force.

Forcible language is generally used by the weakest men. But Lincoln, who was strong, once used an oath to good purpose. After he had seen the slave market in New Orleans, he remarked to Hanks, "If I ever get a chance to strike at that institution, I will hit it hard, by the eternal God."

What a saving grace his kindly humor was to him to the very last! It made him unfit for self-pity, that contemptible quality of small men. Even in his most depressed moods the funny side of the situation came uppermost. Going to fight against the Indians, he assumed the duties of captain of a company, though he was ignorant of all military terms of command. When his company came up against a rail fence, Lincoln cried: "Halt! You are dismissed for two minutes. Reassemble on the other side of the fence."

Brought up a child of nature, and familiar with the forces of animate and inanimate life, he never was frightened into embarrassment or awed by "big reputations" or high-sounding evidence of greatness. King, priest, or president, he met them all on the common plane of human fellowship, greeting them with some ordinary phrase or a joke. While recognizing worth and ability, he knew and saw as few have seen how accident, and not deserving, often places men in high positions, and how some who should be appreciated are unrecognized. He himself often said that, if his fate had been left to the wise and great of the land, he would never have been President: it was the people who selected him, and to the Common People he was grateful. "You can fool all the people a part of the time; you can fool a part of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time." "What is reputation," he said to a friend, "but what others think of you. When I need a man for a work I want the man, and not a reputation." So in his appointments, so far as he was free to make them, he acted upon his personal

discernment of character and not upon what was said of a person, for or against.

As a boy at home his life and habits were necessarily simple: as a man, he preferred to be abstemious in eating and drinking and unconventional in dress. Through the influence of a wise and far-seeing mother, he became a total abstainer in early youth, and so continued throughout his eventful career. Dear, honest Lincoln, how much wiser and greater he was in his loyal adherence to early principles than those who found fault with him for his "narrow ideas." And, on the whole, up to the very edge of the new year, how much safer is the man who turns his glass down, who can and will say "No" when he is asked to take even a glass of beer.

At a recent celebration of Lincoln's birthday it was in very bad taste, indeed, when toasts were proposed and drunk with wine and stronger liquors. They could have had little sincere regard for the man they pretended to honor. When, in 1860, Mr. Lincoln was visited by a committee of the Convention which nominated him, he expressed to them his unwillingness to accept the gift of liquors made him, and made plain his disinclination to offer liquors to his guests. So the liquors were returned, and Lincoln turned to his guests. "Gentlemen," he said, "we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed my family to use, and I cannot consistently depart from it for this occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the Spring."

The use of tobacco Lincoln regarded as unnecessary and unclean, not as a sin, of course; and by his refusal to drink or smoke or chew he set an example to all American youths which none can follow without added self-respect and purity of body and soul. Careful not to hurt the feelings of any fellow-man, yielding in all non-essentials to his friends and acquaintances, in principle he was steadfast as a rock.

"It is my duty," he said, "to hear all; but, at last, I must, within my sphere, judge what to do and what to forbear." Here was the secret of his tact. Not to antagonize by contradiction and self-assertion, but to listen, to hear all, then to use his good judgment after all. And in how many minor matters he followed Jesus' way, "Suffer it to be so now."

"Die when I may, I want it said by those who knew me best, that I always plucked up a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

For The Beacon.

A Friend in Need.

BY EMILY R. STEARNS.

At the northern approach to the Rush Street bridge in Chicago, there stands patiently day by day, regardless of the weather, a beautiful horse. The first time that I saw him was on a bright sunny morning as he stood at the edge of the road, taking a little nap in the sunshine, his large velvety brown eyes half closed, and his thick brown coat showing careful grooming. He is unusually large and shows wonderful strength.

At first I wondered why he was there, for he was not attached to a vehicle, but simply stood there with his keeper day by day. The next time I passed that way I took the side of the street at which he is always kept, and then I saw something which told me

much, for upon his blanket were the words "Anti-Cruelty Society." I did not know even then, however, quite the object of his being there, unless as an example of careful treatment for thoughtless drivers of much-abused horses.

It was a morning or two later that, in passing that way again, I discovered the real use of this splendid animal. A heavily loaded wagon approached the bridge from the north, and, as the two tired horses attempted to draw it up the rather steep slope to the bridge, they found the burden too heavy for the hill, though they had managed fairly well on level ground. Instead of their being beaten, however, our beautiful horse, kept there by the Anti-Cruelty Society, was lead down by his keeper and hitched in front of the poor horses whose load was so heavy. No longer was he sleepy now, for there was work to be done; and, with one great effort, into which he put all of his magnificent strength, this kind friend helped his fellow-horses all the way up the hill until he left them safely started across the bridge.

I cannot help but think, as I often stop to pat him as I pass, how much a friend can do for another by just a little help at just the right time.

One conquers a bad habit more easily to-day than to-morrow.
CONFUCIUS.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Have.

Said little Morning Glory:

"I'm sure I see a string;
I wonder where 'twill lead me
If I should climb and cling.
I cannot see its ending,
But I can reach the top,
I'm sure, if I keep climbing
And never tire or stop!"

Said Morning Glory's brother:

"You foolish little thing,
To risk your life by trusting
To such a slender string!
You'd better come with me, dear,
And twine around this jar;
You'll not get tired and dizzy
If down so low you are.

"'Tis better far and safer
Than climbing up so high;
You'll never reach the top, Meg,
No matter how you try!"
But little Morning Glory
Just shook her dainty head
At such advice, and bravely
Climbed up the string instead.

Up, up she went, till, presto!
She reached a shining nail,
And twined all round about it.
So when there came a gale,
She weathered it quite safely
As back and forth she swayed,
Unharm'd by all the tumult,
And not at all afraid.

Alack! Her timid brother
Lay prone upon the ground
Beside the jar so slippery
That he had twined around!
"I see," he moaned, "'tis wisest
To start out with a zest,
E'en though the task looks dangerous,
And always do one's best!"
—MINNIE L. UPTON, in *St. Nicholas*.

*No power on earth nor under the earth
can make a man do wrong without his own
consent.*

I. SHARPLESS.

For The Beacon.

The Neglected Room.

BY NELLIE JOSEPHINE AMES.

Mildred came running across the lawn to the back porch where her Mamma sat mending.

"O, Mamma," she cried, "Auntie wants me to take care of Grandma's room through vacation. It won't take me but an hour each morning, and she will pay me 50 cents a week for doing it. May I, Mamma? And may I have the money to buy that dear little silver watch?"

Mrs. Douglass smiled at her breathless little daughter. "Are you sure that you wish to undertake it?" she asked. "It must be done every day, and you know Grandma likes to have everything very nice."

Mildred was sure that she wanted to do it, so, with her mamma's permission, she ran off to tell her auntie that she would begin that very day.

Every morning for a week Mildred ran across the lawn as soon as Auntie called her eager to begin her task. She enjoyed dusting the pretty pictures and ornaments, and arranging the tables and dresser. She loved to handle the dainty cups and saucers on the tea-table, and was very proud of the shining tea service when she replaced it on its tray. Then Grandma was so dear and sweet it was a pleasure to spend the hour with her.

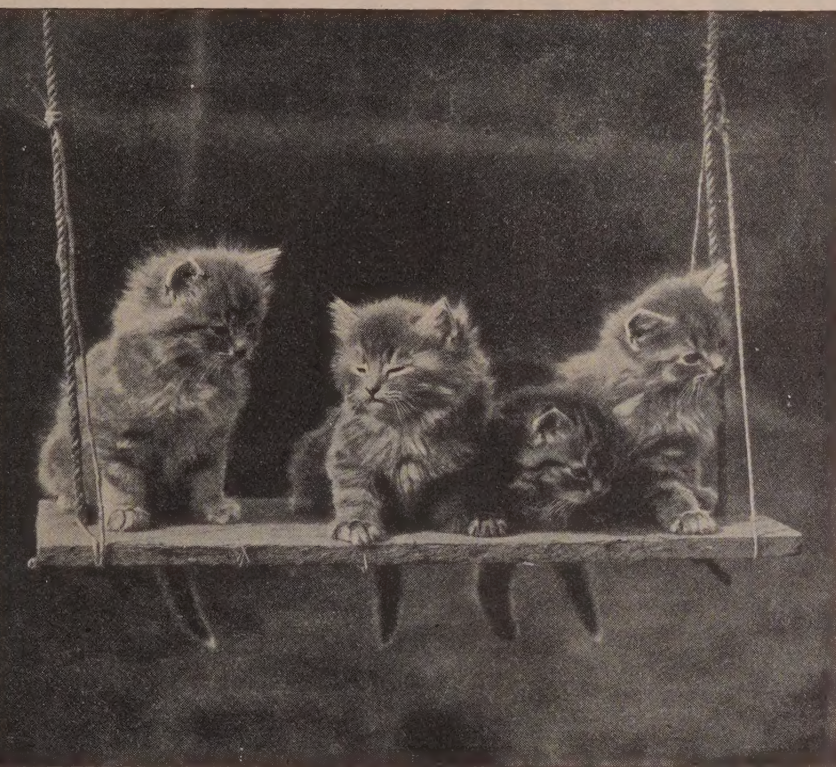
When Mildred received her first shining half-dollar, she was a very happy little girl. She put it in a squat blue vase on the mantel-piece, then stood on the chair, leaning against the chimney, and fancied dropping in more half-dollars, one at a time, until at the end of the summer there would be ten—one for each week of the long vacation. Then how her feet would fly to the jeweller's, and back again, the little watch clasped in her hand.

One morning the first of the next week Mildred received word that a very dear little cousin was coming to spend the day. She could hardly wait for Auntie to call her, she was so anxious to finish her work before the little girl arrived. When, at last, she was called, she ran noisily up the steps, and slammed the screen-door with a bang that made Grandma start.

It was the morning to run the carpet-sweeper around, but Mildred picked up a few threads from Grandma's embroidery and thought that would do. The little tea service had been washed and carefully polished every morning for more than a week, so she ran the corner of her apron over the teapot and sugar-bowl and set them back on the tray. Then she flushed and looked at Grandma, but Grandma was reading at the window, back to.

Mildred flitted the dust cloth over the pictures and ornaments, pushed a book into place, and straightened the boxes and brushes and bottles on the dresser without shaking the cover, and made a dab at a finger mark on the mirror.

Grandma looked up and smiled when her little grand-daughter came to kiss her good-by. In the dim light the room looked tidy and orderly; but, when the blinds were thrown open to let in the afternoon sun, she looked about her in dismay. There was a sprinkling



A HAPPY FAMILY.

of dust on the window seats, with little heaps of sand in the corners, the books were gritty, and there were rolls of lint under the bed and against the furniture.

For the next few days Mildred did her work carefully, then her dearest friend came over to show her a new cloak that she had made for her dolly, and Auntie had to call twice before her little niece heard her. Next, her Sunday-school teacher called to talk about the picnic, and Mildred's head was so full of the coming good time she could hardly think of anything else.

She hopped about the room, humming, which she knew Grandma disliked very much, rattled the cups and saucers, and dropped a book.

The next morning Mamma had to telephone Auntie that Mildred had the toothache and could not come. Auntie had extra work that day, but she sent back a loving message. Later, when the toothache was better, Mildred ran over to her playmate's instead of going to see if Grandma's room had been tidied.

The morning of the picnic everything went wrong. Mildred was late to breakfast and was cross, and had just time to dress and catch the nine-o'clock car, which they were to take. When she went past Auntie's, Sara Jewett, the laundry's little girl, was shaking rugs on the side porch. The next morning she was there again. "I am helping Mrs. Tuttle," she said. "I'm going to help her an hour every morning, and she is going to pay me fifty cents a week. I'm going to buy two new gingham dresses and a sailor hat to wear to school."

Tears came into Mildred's eyes,—tears of regret, then of mortification. She ran through the low window, to the grape arbor, where she sobbed it all out alone. By and

by, Grandma came out, and she hugged her little girl very tightly, but neither spoke of the neglected room.

Sara kept it spick-and-span, and at the end of vacation Mildred resolved that, if Auntie and Grandma would trust her enough to let her take care of it Saturdays, she would be so faithful they would be proud of her.

Auntie was glad to give the little girl another trial, and Mildred kept her resolve. No matter how crisp the air or how merry the nutting party that called to her, how fine the skating or smooth the coasting, all through the long autumn and winter Grandma's room came first in Mildred's thought.

When she put the shining dimes Auntie gave her the last Saturday before the summer vacation in the little blue vase, with the two half-dollars, the loving words of approval from Auntie and Grandma were dearer to her than the jingling coins.

When Auntie asked if she did not want to come every morning through vacation, Mildred smiled up through happy tears and said that she did.

"I was speaking one time to Mr. Lincoln," said Gov. Saunders, of Nebraska, "of a little Nebraskan settlement on the Weeping Waters, a stream in our State."

"Weeping Water!" said he. Then with a twinkle in his eye, he continued: "I suppose the Indians out there call it Minneboohoo, don't they? They ought to, if Laughing Water is Minnehaha in their language."

Perseverance is a great element of success. If you only knock long enough and loud enough at the gate, you are sure to wake up somebody.

LONGFELLOW.

For The Beacon.

Traps and Temptation.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Once upon a time a little mouse, climbing over the pantry shelves, smelled a most delightful odor. It stopped and sniffed the air, and then made its way in the direction from which the enticing smell came. It came soon to a neat little box-like affair with six doors standing wide open. And just inside the doors the mouse could see a piece of deliciously fragrant cheese, just waiting for some little mouse to come along and eat it. This little mouse looked at it, sniffed at it, bit at it, when—Snip! Too late! It was a mouse-trap.

Now, there are many kinds of traps, as you all know. There are rat-traps, where a rat can walk in, but not out; there are fly-traps, where flies step into a sea of sweetness, and stay to die; ground hog traps, where steel jaws wait to clutch and crush the foot that steps on them; bear-traps, where great weights fall upon poor bruin; rabbit traps, where circles of wire hang over the path and jerk bunny to his death. There are all kinds of traps.

And there are boy traps, too. The mouse and the rabbit and the bear are not in nearly as much danger from traps as are the boys and girls of the world. There are traps of temptation that lie everywhere beside the way that each boy or girl has to walk, and which are just as dangerous as the one the mouse discovered on the pantry shelf.

Perhaps if I speak of some of these, it will help some of you to keep clear of them; for there are certain things about them all that show their real character to any boy or girl who is watching out. If we know what a trap looks like, we shall be able to keep out of it.

In the first place, they all look attractive. They are made to look just as pleasing as possible. The best example of this is the saloon trap that has caught so many boys and even girls. You will see them on the streets of every great city. Always there are mirrors back of the bars, and polished glass and brass, and very often music floats out to invite the one outside, and lights and warmth.

But all these things are just the bait in the trap that bad men have set to catch their fellow-men. It is not to give joy that the lights flash and the mirrors reflect and the music sounds. It is only to coax the victim into the trap where he will lose his purity and his happiness. The mouse-trap is not a bit more cruel than is the boy trap of the saloon. Keep out of it, and keep some one else from going in.

Then there is always the promise of profit in any trap. The mouse thought it was going to gain a piece of cheese by going in the open door of the trap. The fly that scented the sweetness on the paper thought it was to have a fine feast, without working for it. And the boy or girl who sees a chance to get something for nothing may be quite sure that in some way it is only the bait of a waiting trap.

Every trap is baited with profit. "Walk in and help yourself," says the trap of theft to the person who does not want to work for what he gets. "Take it: no one is looking," says the trap of deceit to the person who covets that for which he will not pay the cost. Be careful of profit. It is always dangerous. And you have to pay for it in the end, and the cost is sure to be high.

Work for the things you want, and get them by your honest deserving, and you are safe. But to try to get anything without paying for it all you know it is worth is to walk straight into a trap. Everything costs, and all that any one can do is to escape paying for a little while. And whatever we get dishonestly costs twice as much as that for which we honestly pay.

One other thing to remember is that traps are never set on the path of duty. Never yet did any one who was engaged in doing the right deed get into a trap. They are always set a little on one side. To get out of the path is to get into danger.

Let us, therefore, be true to the work that God has given us to do. Let us walk on the path of duty, and we need fear none of the traps that are set everywhere else. Temptation has no power upon the boy or girl who is busy with that which is good and helpful.

Paste and Pearl.

In *The Beacon* for December 4, we printed a short poem by Emily Dickinson with the above title, and asked our readers who are not over sixteen years of age to tell us what the poem means. We are gratified at the excellence of the replies we have received. The poem, and four letters, are here given.

PASTE AND PEARL.

We play at paste,
Till qualified for pearl,
Then drop the paste
And deem ourself a fool.
The shapes, though, were similar,
And our new hands
Learned gem-tactics
Practicing sands.

EMILY DICKINSON.

After having the meaning of the word "paste" used in this sense explained, the meaning of this little poem seems clearer.

As we grow older in thought, we realize that our opinions of people and things measure up to different standards now than they did some time ago.

As our ideals become higher and broader, we realize how foolish we were to think the lower ideals "pearls": we now judge them differently, we know them to be mere paste.

The next lesson we learn is that to do small things—"playing in sand"—well and faithfully is the only way we can learn to do larger things and carry larger responsibilities—"gem-tactics."

I think that the meaning of the whole poem is to look forward into the future and see how much truer our judgment can be and how faithful we can be even in the performance of a small duty.

JULIA L. WAY,

504 West 146 St., New York City.

Age 13.

Sunday school of the Church of the Messiah, New York.

Dear Mr. Lawrence,—1. We play and spend our time on little things, until we are better able or more fitted to the harder tasks of life.

2. As we look back over time, we deem ourselves foolish that we were not better able to do the small tasks; for a small thing is similar to a large one only on a better scale.

3. We become more skillful by practicing the small things, so we will learn to accomplish the higher and more difficult work.

The above is the meaning I get from the poem.

Very truly,

MILDRED LEAVITT,

South Hingham, Mass., Box 94.

Age 14.

Dear Editor,—1. I think the first two lines of the little verse mean that we do small trifles till we are better fitted to do large things and deeds.

2. That "gem-tactics practicing sands," means that as we go along we learn new things that are worth learning and generally remember them.

3. That the whole poem means that, as we go farther along in life, we learn greater things, and that we think of the small things that we did when we were younger as foolish. And that we are all better fitted for greater things as we grow older and know more.

I am trying for one of the little books you wrote about in *The Beacon*.

I am fourteen years old and am in the ninth grade of the High School; that is, in the fifth class of the High School.

Hoping to receive a book, I remain,

Yours truly,

PHILIP B. PARSONS,

204 E. Foster St., Melrose, Mass.

WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Dec. 4, 1910.

My dear Gentlemen,—I am sending the explanation of the verse in *The Beacon*.

1. We play in the sand and build things that seem great. But soon we stop playing in the sand and we realize how foolish it is.

2. We then aspire to do something higher, and we learn new things practicing them every day.

3. The stanza tells us to drop playing in the sand and do something higher. Have a high ambition. Only the highest is high enough.

Sincerely yours,

SALOME ALGER.

Age 15 years.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 15, 3, 5, 9, is a location.

My 1, 17, 16, is mournful.

My 13, 2, 12, 8, is used by carpenters.

My 4, 7, 6, 18, is a means of defense.

My 11, 12, 10, 14, is part of a fork.

My whole is a time that is near at hand.

CHARADE.

My first will take you through town

Almost wherever you go;

My second may give you renown

If my third you will honestly do;

My whole is a man's occupation

Of use all over the nation.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 18.

ENIGMA XIX.—Captain Nathan Hale.

GEOGRAPHY HUNT.—1. Van Buren. 2. Columbus. 3. St. Paul. 4. Concord. 5. Cork. 6. Florence. 7. Turkey. 8. Hamburg.

MISSING NAMES.—Bob, Tim, Bill, Phil, Paul, Andy, Harry, Luke.

We are pleased to hear from many of our readers that they enjoy the Recreation Corner, and we appreciate their willingness to help us make it interesting. Contributions have been received from the following: Ossian Goodwin, Newton Centre, Mass.; Melba L. Moore, Springfield, Mass.; Dorothy Mat Owens, Cincinnati, Ohio; Howard Jamison, Toledo, Ohio; Saidee Inness Brown, Charleston, S. C.; John M. Sherman, Belmont, Mass.; Hudwig M. Faller, Roslindale, Mass.

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